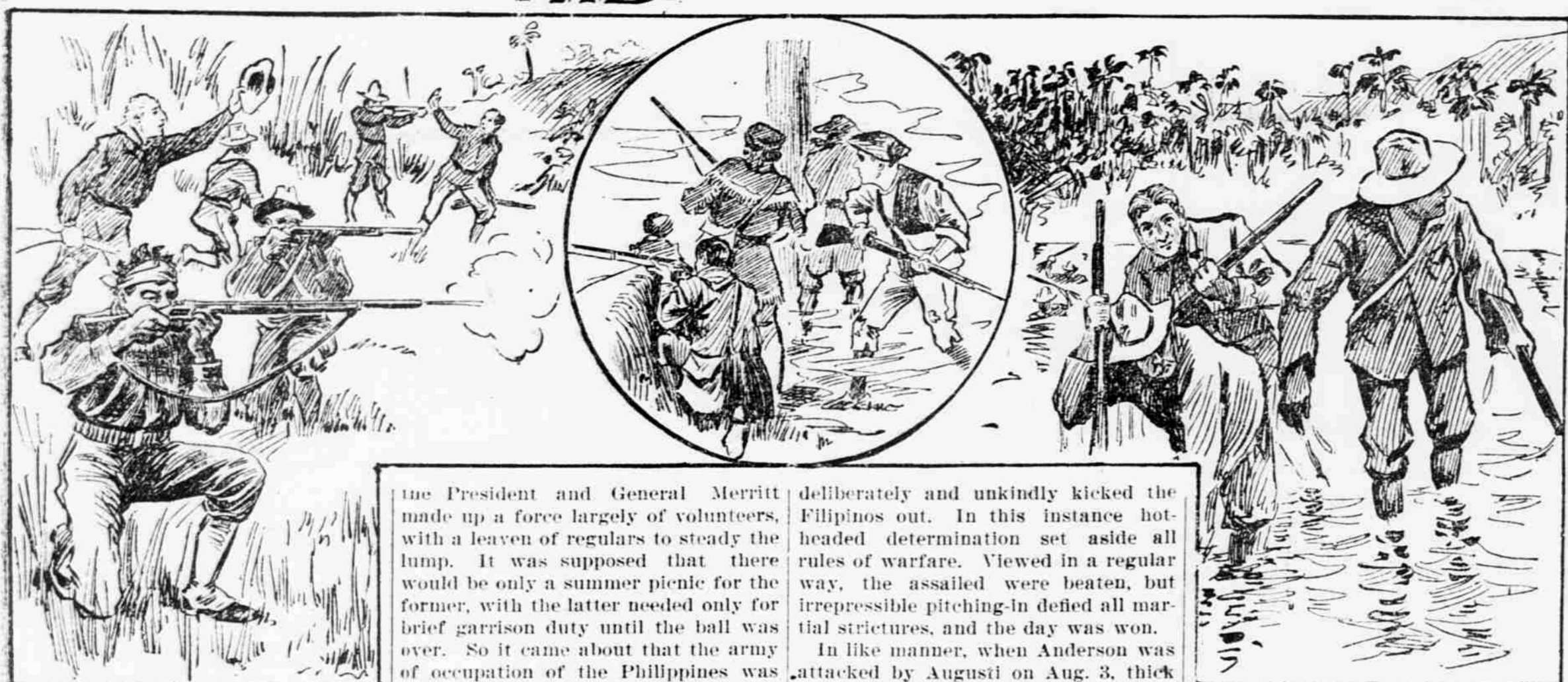


WORK OF THE VOLUNTEERS



HOW well volunteers have borne the brunt of battle since the war with Spain began is now a matter of history. A recapitulation of the main exploits of our armies in Cuba and the Philippines shows at once how splendidly this contingent has upheld the name of America. When the Maine was destroyed in Havana harbor the people eagerly clamored to be led to the front, and when war was actually declared the response to the call to arms was ten-fold greater than the needs. Twenty-five thousand regulars—no matter how brave, skillful and well-disciplined—could not be a match for ten times that number of trained regulars fighting under the banner of Castile, and, from the beginning of military operations to the volunteer has come a glowing share of the glory of daring, patient, effective work well done.

The first fierce fight of Las Quasimas was engaged in by Western volunteers in conjunction with negro regulars. These men were practically without experience—cavalry, but dismounted and forced to plunge through a Cuban jungle in the face of a hot fire. Wood's rough riders led the fierce charge. The men were away from home in an unfriendly climate, which in itself was sufficient to enervate them. But they fought and won. Regular army officers, who scorned the national guard and hastily organized volunteers, opened their eyes in wonder to see the "minute men" conscripts of the West give the treacherous dons their "trimmings" in approved measure! The men who went to Porto Rico with Miles were of the same class—with no previous experience under fire. Yet all the fighting that amounted to anything was done by Illinois and Ohio men, not of the regular army. Bennett's Third Illinois had never said much, but it fought, and wept that peace was declared just as they had things nicely fixed "to smash the dons!"

The Philippine situation is worth going over in detail to analyze the fighting spirit that has been shown by our new men. Dewey won the first fight there so easily that nobody thought there would be another battle. As the disordered enemy took heart, however,

the President and General Merritt made up a force largely of volunteers, with a leaven of regulars to steady the lump. It was supposed that there would be only a summer picnic for the former, with the latter needed only for brief garrison duty until the ball was over. So it came about that the army of occupation of the Philippines was made up of 75 per cent. of volunteers. Of sixteen regiments of these only one was from the East and South respectively. The others were all Western, representing California, Kansas, North Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, South Dakota, Colorado, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, Washington, Iowa, and Utah—all from west of the big river. These men had only that training at arms that comes from having a pistol as a regular article of toilet. Ninety per cent. of them had never been organized as regiments. Without being drilled, within two months after concentration many of them were aboard transports and on their way to Manila. Five expeditions, with nearly 17,000 troops, reached the capital of Luzon by the middle of June. No drilling could be indulged in on the troop ships, but little time was given after debarkation for such things. But they were there to oust the Spanish, and ten days after arrival this raw material was engaged in a deadly struggle. Under the most terrifying conditions of night and a whirlwind of tempest and rain they repulsed the enemy and covered their States with glory.

No denial of the innate fighting qualities of these men of the nation had ever been made, but all regular officers held that much training was necessary to render them steady under fire, and enduring in a sickly climate. Yet these raw levies, fresh from counting-house and farm, accustomed to all kinds of good things to eat and drink, buckled down to army rations in a land 10,000 miles from home, took the good with the bad, and lacked not one whit of the steadiness of regulars.

The first sortie of consequence by the Filipinos was on Feb. 3. It consisted of a preconcerted attack at a dozen different places on Otis' lines, and was as skillfully planned as any fight ever made, but it was soon turned into a disgraceful rout. Our volunteers did not know that under the rules of war they were licked at the start. Hence it came about that instead of retreating these hardy Westerners hopped over the fronts of their trenches and made for those occupied by Aguinaldo's men, three times their number. They simply took them. They wanted the waterworks, and from the vicinity

deliberately and unkindly kicked the Filipinos out. In this instance hot-headed determination set aside all rules of warfare. Viewed in a regular way, the assailed were beaten, but irrepressible pitching-in defied all martial strictures, and the day was won.

In like manner, when Anderson was attacked by August 1 on Aug. 3, thick weather prevented the regiments from knowing that in a tactical point of view they were as good as wiped out. But they pressed on diligently, fought their way past obstacles, half realized at the time, by sheer force of pluck—system and scientific skill out of the question. When Miller landed at Iloilo with his handful of Iowans he seemed to have committed suicide. He faced a bunch of Filipinos ten times his number, and well armed and well disciplined. Yet he kept the town, and when the Tennessee regiment was added to his force, with a part of the Third artillery, he went into the country looking for a fight. He found one, and, to the chagrin of all military strategists, from Charles Martel down to Kitchener of Khartoum, he won it. He had no right to do anything of the kind, but he did, and there is an end to the discussion that red tape and ironclad rules have anything to do with real enthusiasm and victory.

What is aimed at here is to express what "Teddy" Roosevelt, "Joe" Wheeler and others affirm: the volunteer of America is a fighting machine who imbibes practical skill with salt pork, bean soup, black coffee and bad bread. He does not need a course of sprouts at any school of technical war instruction if he can get the real thing in front of him. Lacking regular training, he does the best he can, coolly realizing all his advantages and marching up to the point where he can do the most effective shooting. He makes use of what skill he has, and then drops the whole science of war to find out who is shooting at him and how quickly he can shoot back.

A great deal of jungle skirmishing has marked the Filipino conflict. Here the work of the Western volunteer has been such as to excite wonder and admiration on the part of trained officers of foreign lands, who never dreamed a force of raw recruits could behave so like steady regulars. Smokeless powder in bamboo wildernesses could not daunt these men. They wrestled with the undergrowth as they would with a patch of sunflowers at home, they wriggled through right down upon the guerrillas, and the sturdy regular grinned with approbation when he heard these fighting wildcats yell.

In the fighting that has taken place in the Philippines the difference between the methods of regulars and volunteers has been strikingly manifested. The former move forward persistently and doggedly in silence; the latter go to the front with yells and enthusiasm, but both go to the front. When Wheaton was opposed by a river, the other side of which bristled with rifles, he halted for the pioneers. The regulars did the same, but the Oregon boys, being good swimmers and not liking to wait for bridges under fire, swam the river. When Otis met the Marilao River Colonel Fumston and a score of his men swam over and took some trenches which were manned by the Filipinos. Some of the Washington boys saw a blockhouse flag. One of them volunteered to go and set it on fire. He did so under a heavy fire, and his comrades rushed up, in possession while the Filipinos gave in, affrighted at such foolhardiness and bravery.

Like Grant's army in the Wilderness, the volunteer contingents have made a showing no nation on earth can match—not a man has advanced backward in all that gallant army. Bullets fired from old rifles in the hands of supposed raw troops have done as much damage as bullets sent from modern guns by men wearing sharpshooters' badges. They have been kept constantly at the front, the reason assigned being that they are hardened to the climate, and better than any freshly arrived regulars. It took General Otis less than half a year to reach a conclusion that all the precedents of the army and the science of war were useless in the face of the indomitable bravery, the matchless aptitude and speed, the unbounded enthusiasm of the American volunteer. Lacking skill as pioneers, they swam rivers; knowing nothing of skill ed clearing work, they cut the jungle; not supposed to be full-fledged soldiers, they camped on the trail of the sullenly retiring enemy with bulldog tenacity. Our regulars in the Philippines have proven themselves marvels of steadiness and machine-like precision, but the volunteer—all dash, spirit and pluck—has shown that the true American fighting vim cannot be repressed, and, given expression, carries all before it to victory.

A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The Story of an American Viscountess in England.

Of all the beautiful and wealthy American girls who have contracted matrimonial alliances with titled Europeans few have had so romantic a career as Viscountess Deerpurst, who recently presented an heir to her distinguished husband.

Viscountess Deerpurst, who is accounted one of the most beautiful women of Europe, and who was also an heiress of great wealth when she married, was an Illinois girl by birth, and her earliest years were ones of humble life. Her birthplace was a farm in Fulton County, near Farmington, and about twenty miles west of the city of Peoria. Her father's name was William Daniel, but this was a fact known to only a few people when the beautiful and accomplished Virginia Bonyne, a name that subsequently came to her, was launched in London society with all the advantages that nature had lavished upon her, supplemented by the fascination of prospective millions. Her success was instantaneous, and it was not long before she had the eligibles of Great Britain's exclusive set at her feet. She was taken up by royalty itself, in the person of Princess Christian, and her presentation to the Queen stamped her position in the great world of fashionable and exclusive society.

About this time came an event in Virginia Bonyne's career which nearly wrecked her life and happiness, and the shock of which prostrated her for weeks with brain fever, and brought her near death's door. Among the horde of suitors that besieged her was a nobleman of high title, a long and lofty lineage, and of distinguished and unblemished character. His suit prospered, and soon his engagement to Miss Bonyne was announced. A few weeks after the engagement was announced ugly rumors began to circulate in London society about Miss Bonyne. These were to the effect that she was not the daughter of the millionaire whose name she bore, but that her origin had been of the most lowly nature, and that her father, after having served a term



VISCOUNTESS DEERPURST.

of imprisonment for murder, had wound up his career by committing suicide. Miss Bonyne's noble fiancé heard these rumors, and he investigated them. Their accuracy was acknowledged by Mr. and Mrs. Bonyne, and he broke the engagement, without an instant's hesitation or even an interview with the girl whose affections he had gained.

London society was, of course, scandalized, but some of the royal family declared it outrageous to visit the sins of a father on his innocent offspring, and as the favor of royalty in England outranks in importance the disfavor of all other classes the Bonynges maintained their position and outlived the venom of slander.

It is necessary here to tell how Virginia Bonyne, daughter of a murderer and suicide, had been transformed into the child of a millionaire and an ornament of English society. Her father's name was William Daniel. He was a gardener in England, who had married a housemaid. Together they had come to America to seek their fortune. Daniel and his wife worked their way from New York across the continent, stopping for a time at Farmington, Ill., where they tried to run a quarter section of land. It was while here, on the prairies of Illinois, that the Viscountess Deerpurst was born, twenty-five years ago.

William Daniel did not prosper as a farmer. He decided to go to California to dig for gold. Crossing the Rocky Mountains in those days was not what it is now, especially for people who know what it is to want for money. The journey entailed many hardships for Daniel and his little family. Once on the Pacific slope he went to work as a common miner, whose only capital was determination to succeed and a strong constitution, and whose only tools were his brawny arms. It was a rough community. Almost every man's hand was uplifted against his neighbor in the endeavor to protect himself. One day Daniel got into a fracas. He killed a man, was tried and sentenced to imprisonment.

While Daniel was in prison Bonyne, then a struggling miner, met Daniel's wife. She procured a divorce and the couple were married. Virginia Daniel then became Virginia Bonyne.

Bonyne struck it rich and became one of California's bonanza kings. Daniel's wife and daughter lived in luxury, while Daniel ate his heart out in a prison cell. He never knew until he was freed that wife and daughter were lost to him forever.

When he was pardoned he went back to the scene of his crime in search of those he had left behind. They had disappeared. But some remained who were able to put him upon their track. He learned the truth, and it killed the little courage and manhood left after his imprisonment. He plunged into deeper crime, drank to excess, and finally died by his own hand.

In the meantime the Bonynges had removed to London. They found Amer-

ican wealth powerful, and, when reinforced by the charms of a beautiful daughter, irresistible. Then came the shock of the revelations of Daniel's career.

Soon after this period the Viscount Deerpurst became a suitor for the hand of Miss Bonyne. He was accepted, and in a short time the miner's daughter became Viscountess Deerpurst. Her life since has been a happy one.

FROM DEEP DOWN IN EARTH.

Queer Creatures that Came Out of an Artesian Well in Texas.

The arrival at the fish commission of two living specimens of the Typhlomolge Rathbun has excited much interest. These animals came from an artesian well dug by the United States fish commission to supply water to the fish hatchery near San Marcos, Texas, and are among the most interesting of subterranean organisms.

The well was bored to a depth of about 1,500 feet, but was afterward filled up, until it is now only 188 feet deep. A flow of 1,200 gallons of water a minute is obtained, and with the water four varieties of crustacea and this salamander have come to the surface, all of which are new to science. As might be expected, these animals are blind, and the name given to the salamander is due to this fact, being compounded from the Greek typhlos, blind, and molge, a kind of salamander. The second term is in honor of Professor Richard Rathbun of the Smithsonian institution.

The larger of the two living specimens is about four and a half inches in length. It has a large head, prolonged forward into a flattened snout, in which is the mouth. The eyes are covered by the skin and appear merely as small black specks. The body is slender and ends in a tail, flattened from side to side and used in swimming. Projecting from the body are two pairs of legs, the forward pair ending in four toes and the rear pair bearing five toes, as is customary among salamanders. These legs are used in walking, and, though very slender, seem to possess much strength, as they lift the body clear of the ground, and by them it can climb over the rocks piled in the aquarium.

The general structure is of a larval type—that is, it resembles the undeveloped salamanders of to-day and the fossils of those of bygone ages. It is well known that fish and other inhabitants of subterranean waters are descended from corresponding types found at the surface in the vicinity, but the typhlomolge suggests many problems. As it presents a primitive type, it may be an instance of arrested evolution or of reversion. When the ancestors of these specimens became engulfed in the earth, it is probable that the form now presented was the normal one, and that, in the absence of light and the presence of other obstacles to animal life, evolution became impossible, and the type became fixed. On the other hand, this larval form may be the result of degeneration.

Success in Life.

The successful man learns the rudiments of business in early life, says C. P. Huntington, general manager of the Central Pacific Railway. The unsuccessful man is the one who in his youth watched the clock to see that he did not begin work a minute ahead of time—or quit a second behind it. Those are the boys who are discharged first, whenever the staff is reduced; but the boy who thinks of working instead of quitting, and looks after his employer's interest instead of his own ease, is the one who is kept on, and goes ahead and succeeds.

Success is a simple thing. The money saved in early life grows into fortunes later on. The young man who can save 10 cents a day is a man of sense. He is on the road to success. But the young man who trades this 10 cents for a cigar is a fool.

There may be cases where fortunes are made by jumps, but great success comes from persistent effort. It is a mistake to point out the accomplished work of a successful life and ask a young man to duplicate it. The immensity of such a work appalls him. It is like taking him suddenly to the top of a high steeple to see a great city. The great height makes him dizzy, but to the steeplejack, who knows his business and has scaled the steeple, it is quite a little matter. That is the reason why rising men should not look ahead. They should work for to-day and to-day only, and if they do that faithfully and live economically, they will be ready for whatever comes on the morrow.

Reminded of His Departed Wife.

Widower—I say, my friend, have you ever been here before?

Burglar—No, sir.

Widower—Well, would you mind coming around quite often—say once or twice a week—and going through my trousers, just as you are doing now? You don't know how much you remind me of my dear, departed wife, Angelina. It seems almost as if she were alive again. Good-night, my friend. God bless you!—Judge.

Russian Betrothal.

A Russian wedding culminates in the betrothal feast, at which the bride-elect cuts off a long tress of hair and gives it to her betrothed, who in turn presents her with bread and salt, an almond cake, and a silver ring set with a turquoise.

Rough on Him.

He (unreasonably)—Were you ever in love before you met me?

She (lightly)—Oh, yes; but never since.—Harper's Bazar.

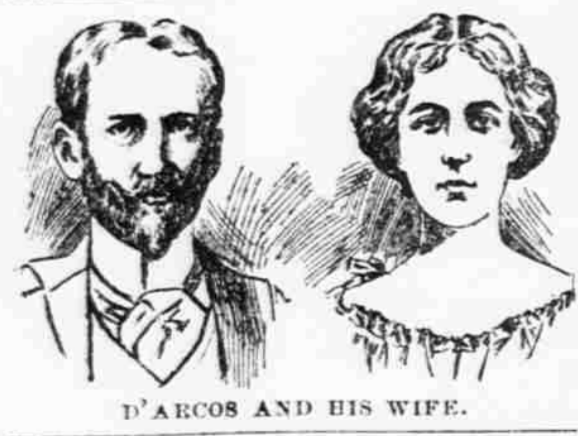
When you are old, and quarrelsome, and disagreeable, pray that it will be your fate to live in the country, where few will see you.

OUTCLASSED DEWEY IN LOVE.

The Spanish Duke Who Did It Now Minister to Washington.

Spain's new ambassador to the United States, the Duke d'Arcos, is a man in whom Admiral George Dewey once found a successful rival. Twenty years or more ago D'Arcos, then a poor Count, but a handsome, dashing fellow, was in Washington as a legation attaché. Dewey was also there in a subordinate naval position, and was equally poor. Both men were popular favorites. They were in society a great deal together, and were well liked. Among their intimates Dewey was always "George" and D'Arcos, whose family name is Brunetti, was called "Jack."

Dewey and D'Arcos both fell in love with the same girl, the beautiful Virginia Woodbury Lowery, of Washington. Archibald Lowery, who is rich



D'ARCOS AND HIS WIFE.

and proud and patriotic, did not like either suitor. He thought his daughter could do better than marry Dewey. As for Brunetti, he was not an American. In the father's eyes he was impossible. Perhaps that was one reason why the beautiful girl preferred the handsome Spaniard. She gave him a vow that she would wed no one else, but she told her father that she would not marry without his consent. She kept both promises, but there was a long and weary waiting. For years the father was obdurate; the lovers were sundered. In the meantime Dewey had married another girl. She was in her grave twenty years and more before the guns at Manila echoed around the world. After many years the old Duke died and Jack Brunetti became the Duke d'Arcos. He was named Spanish minister to Mexico. Mr. Lowery finally

concluded that further opposition was useless and gave sanction to the marriage, which was carried out very quietly.

The new minister from Spain is an important man in Washington, and his wife a great lady. But there are people in Spain as well as the United States who think Miss Lowery missed a great opportunity when she said "no" to Dewey.

HE LOST ALL.

Including that Winsome Creature, the Lovely Birdy Jones.

It was the first perfect day of the glad springtime. The warm sun brightened the country landscape, and the odor of opening apple blossoms came upon the laden atmosphere. The lazy clouds floated dreamily in the sky overhead, chiefly because they could not go aloft nor on the trolley cars. The rural roads were smooth under the hammer of innumerable wheels, and Clarence Wheeler had stolen Birdy Jones from her haughty Soho home for a ramble on his '97 tandem among the highways of the townships. Stopping from their run, they rested beneath a great oak tree which overhung a wayside spring. Cowbells tinkled in the woodlot below the meadow, and little lambs with wobbly legs three sizes too big for them gambled on the short green grass. On a broad, flat stone that looked down upon the crystal water Birdy spread the lunch they had carried in the tandem box, and Clarence brought water in a romantic tin can that he had found today.

The soft winds toyed with the girl's bleached tresses, which streamed over her face like a photograph picture of the west wind to illustrate Longfellow's poems. Her cheeks flushed with the vigor of exercise and robust health, and when the young man approached her from the spring his whole thought was centered upon the winsome beauty of the divine creature. He sat down by her side. His soul drank in the charm of the picture. She looked up from the can of embalmed beef that she was opening, with a smile of confident approval on her young face. Suddenly her eye kindled and the rosy flush of young womanhood gave way to a ghastly pallor. Her lip curled in

scorn. Her classic head was lifted in anger. "Merciful heaven!" shrieked the young man. "Tell me, dearest girl, what is the matter?"

But she stepped back, and, striking the attitude that she had learned at the Soho Amateur Dramatic Club, she pointed her finger at him and said in tones that would wither a load of hay: "All is lost, Clarence Wheeler. You are sitting in the pie!"—Pittsburg Times.

A Model Town.

"Three miles from nowhere, in a little backwoods village over in North Carolina the other day, I found the one town in the world where everybody works, and no loafing is permitted." Said a well-known traveling salesman. "In this hamlet there's no idleness that is not voluntary or vicious, and this privilege is not allowed even to the wandering Willie out of a job. On a sign at the postoffice in Beechland is this injunction, from which there is no appeal: 'No loafing allowed in this town. We work, and so must everybody else who expects to reside here for any length of time. Idleness breeds crime, and, as we never had a robbery or a murder here, we have determined to strike at the root of all evil. Tramps will be given one hour in which to depart, and honest men out of employment will be given work if they desire it. If not, they must git, and git as quick as their lazy legs will carry them away from our village. This means you.'"

Exempt from Regulations.

An Italian physician, rushing on his wheel to the bedside of a patient, was arrested by a policeman for scorching, and notwithstanding the urgency of the case was compelled to go to court. When the doctor was finally released, on arriving at the home of the patient he found that she had died for lack of medical attendance while he was in the hands of the law. The circumstance led to the exclusion of physicians from the regulations regarding scorching.

A married woman's tears excite curiosity oftener than they excite sympathy.

Satan probably originated the saying "Man wants but little here below."

White or Brown Bread.

The oft-repeated debate between the advocates respectively of the white and brown in breads is again being carried on in the columns of the London Illustrated News. Dr. Andrew Wilson takes the side of the brown, while Dr. Lander Burton writes in praise of the white, and he is supported by several other contributors. These latter professionals are firm in the belief, after having made investigations into the question, that white bread is more nutritious than the brown variety. The latter has its merits, of course. It tends to remove the torpidity of the digestive system, which too often occurs in persons of sedentary habits, and supplies also mineral matters—especially phosphate of lime—needed also supplies mineral items, and as regards fat it is said to afford a larger proportion of this important food than the brown bread. The great point our investigators lay stress on, however, is the importance of judging the value of a food by a physiological rather than by a purely chemical criterion. It is one thing to say that any food shows under analysis a large proportion of this or that nutriment, and quite another thing to assert that it can be easily assimilated, or, in other words, that its nutrients can be easily obtained by the body for the ultimate purpose of nourishment. White bread overtops the brown in this latter respect, and so we may rest content to know that in the ordinary loaf we have a typical enough representative of the staff of life.

France's Match Monopoly.

The manufacture of matches is a very strict state monopoly in France, and a fine of 1 franc per match is ruthlessly imposed on all contraband importers of the kind from abroad. Forgetfulness of this lately cost an English traveler the sum of \$100 at the port of Boulogne, where he had to pay a fine of 500 francs on a box of wax lights, value 9 cents, which the custom house officers found among his luggage.

When a man diets he eats oatmeal, in addition to everything else he usually eats.